

## SPECTRAL BRIDESMAID

George Hayden was really no such great villain after all. He had merely been with a girl of a lower position in life than his own, and left her. Yet circumstances and the girl had before long made the affair seem a heartless tragedy, and for two miserable years George Hayden had been haunted by it.

There was no doubt that he had made love, generally with say nonchalance, occasionally with fervor, to Kate Moon of Newberry Farm.

It was during that summer, when he was off fishing in Devon, and the weather was beyond approach—except for fishing. The trout would not bite, and Kate Moon was beautiful, tall and black-haired, with a complexion of the proverbial Devon milk and roses, a magnificent, passionate, impulsive girl.

Hayden dallied beside her day after day, he liked watching the proud drop of her lashes, and the deeper color creep into and fade out of her healthy cheeks. It was an artistic pleasure to him to see her coming toward him in her lilac cotton gown—the always were lilac cotton gowns—unlike any one else, full gathered and dainty, with a bordering of pink around her waist, the effect was one of lavender and roses.

To Kate it was more than an artistic pleasure to see Hayden coming toward her; it was a tumult of fierce delight. She loved this man, who looked at her with gay admiration; his very nonchalance fascinated her, his compliments were as vows of love, his moments of absence were agonies.

It was then the rector came back after his holiday, bringing with him his sister, his niece, and—quite by coincidence—a college friend of Hayden's, that mischief began, and it began without delay. For the college friend, recognizing Hayden in the village, introduced him to the rector's party, and Hayden promptly fell in love, suddenly and passionately, at this time, with Sybil Dove, the rector's niece.

It did not take Kate Moon long, either, to see her doom.

Hayden, it is true, was a little troubled at first, but that was merely annoyance with himself for the careless way in which he had talked love—deceitful, he called it—with a village girl; but he did not dream of the manner in which Kate would take it.

Kate took it badly.

No one but Hayden and Kate herself knew of that terrible night of recrimination when the moon shone down on the final meeting in Dalling Wood.

By the next night Hayden had left the village; by the next Sunday Kate Moon had left the world; she had drowned herself in the river, the pretty river where the trout had fought shy on Hayden's rod and line, and Hayden began that terrible two years with the sight of the girl constantly before his eyes, in her lilac gown, with the red-pink bands about her waist and hem, and with her last words in his ears: "Tell her about me, and see what she'll say to your love."

And he, I say, or I'll come your way marriage day, eye, to your deathbed! I'll walk, and sit, and stand before you, and you shall never live in peace!"

Then what had seemed but a summer's flirtation shocked Hayden as a heartless tragedy, and grew and grew into his life till he became a sort of haunted wanderer.

About two years later Hayden met Sybil Dove in Rome, and at the first time the wretched tragedy before him seemed important, and his heart beat. He could not, that Sybil was happy to meet him.

For weeks he ran himself with joy, and tried to banish Kate. Then one day he faced the ghost and reasoned with himself in a logical, sensible manner, and his state of mind became more normal, and he asked himself why he should not be happy.

Next morning, on the hill, he broke into the first love words he had uttered since he had dined with Kate by the Devonshire river.

"I love you," he cried out, as he and Sybil sat resting in the meadow. "I can't live without you, I have hungered for you since I first met you two years ago."

Sybil did not return. "Then why didn't you say so?" she hinted nothing of her own pain at that time. Her eyes were filled with tears, which Hayden saw.

Neither asked the other why this love should be declared and received in this passionately sorrowful fashion.

"I love you," she said, simply, and she could not resist, and Hayden held her in his arms for a rapturous moment.

When he glanced up, his arms still about her, a girl was passing along the path below—a dark-haired girl, in a lilac gown. It was, of course, merely a coincidence.

Hayden shivered and loosed his clasp. The old haunted feeling returned. He had an impulse to tell Sybil the wretched story, but it would be a gloomy beginning to the first hour of his new happiness, besides which Mrs. Dove came into sight at the moment.

Perhaps those who know human nature best will understand that Hayden did not tell the tragedy of Kate Moon even after many hours had passed. Years were exchanged, content obtained, and in time the journey back to England was accomplished, the home prepared, the wedding day fixed. And yet the tragedy of Kate Moon had not been mentioned.

Those were strange months, those months of engagement. There were hours when both Hayden and Sybil were wildly gay; but again, there were hours when a cloud hung over them, when something seemed to be between them, checking their words as if a third person were watching. In himself, Hayden could not understand the feeling, for even now, spite of argument, spite of happy future, he could not throw off the recollection of Kate Moon and her despair. But the same mood in Sybil he could not understand. Was the dread girl always to be between them? Hayden groaned.

"I tell her, I say, tell her, or—"

An expression Hayden caught up his face. "I'll tell you to the church," he said, looking at the evening before the wedding, after hours of gloom in which he had seen the dead girl walking between himself and his living bride. "I'll tell you how the decorations are getting on, and he left the inn where he had been staying for these last weeks of his betrothal, and went down to the church at which Sybil had been baptized and was to be married to him tomorrow.

It was a lovely old building of gray stone, framed for its many windows of stained glass, which in a clear line told happy pictures and epitomized the story of Joseph and his brethren. The scent of flowers was heavy on the air as Hayden, in his gown, and he stood amid the sight of the preparations for his bride.

to the altar, where he would kneel tomorrow, beside—

A sudden horror clutched him, the blood surged within him and deafened him. Bending at the altar step was a dark-haired figure in a lilac gown with a pink band across the hem!

Hayden groped with his hand, and clutching a door closed his eyes in a despairing faintness. His bondage was to be relentless. When he looked again the figure was gone. They lay at the altar had turned from their work to speak to another. Unseen in his misery, Hayden took out at the porch, stunned and cold in the sunshine.

Hayden never forgot the night which followed, as he lay, unmoved and hopeless, waiting for his wedding day, and facing in all their details the two years past and the many years to come, from the day when he had played a summer's game with the heart of a girl, to all the days when he should live close to the girl he loved, and feel himself a murderer.

It was foolish, it was wrong, he argued, to count himself so blameworthy. But he had no choice. Kate Moon insisted. Toward morning he began to take a more ordinary view of the matter. This was his wedding day, sunny, happy, glorious. He had been in an excited, unnatural state of mind yesterday. He had dreamed so long that his remorse was abnormal. He had thought and grieved so much that the poor drowned girl's form was on the retina of his eye. It had been a hallucination.

He threw off his hateful night thoughts and prepared to meet his bride.

The prettily wedding village had never seen. The people said afterward that there was a bow of trailing green and a ribbon of blue of common.

He had not allowed himself much time to think, but, supported by his best man, he took his place about five minutes before the bride was expected. His heart was lighter than it had been for months. He determined to throw off useless self-reproaches and do his best in the future.

After the first moments of nervousness he asked his eyes and looked down the church. The brightly-colored crowd was packed and a subdued buzz of comment.

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## CLASSIFIED WANTS

WANTED—Job lots of shoes, all styles and buttons a specialty. State amount and lowest cash price. Address "Job Lots," care Eagle. 25-10-10

WANTED—Sewing. Will go out by the day of week. Apply. Thompson block, third floor, room 2. 25-10-10

WANTED—30 cars of bones; will pay a good cash price. Write me. S. M. Pyle, 1400 Indiana avenue, Kansas City, Mo. 25-10-10

WANTED—Boarders and roomers at 423 South Topeka avenue. We have a suite of rooms that is elegant and comfortable. Would be very desirable for man and wife or young ladies or gentlemen. 25-10-10

WANTED—At once, five square places. Inquire at 122 N. Main st. Sun-Wed. 25-10-10

WANTED—To buy second-hand furniture. All kinds. J. W. Burton, 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

WANTED—Furnished room, with or without board, in modern home, close in, by single man. Reference exchanged. Box 64, city. 25-10-10

WANTED—To lease, for a term of years, 2 to 5 acres, well improved, near 122 N. Main st. Sun-Wed. 25-10-10

WANTED—We will buy one or two hundred cords of cottonwood. Western Fur and Manufacturing Co., corner Albert and Santa Fe. 25-10-10

WANTED—Second hand organs, apply to 122 North Main street. Sun-Wed. 25-10-10

WANTED—Gasoline stores to clean and repair. J. W. Burton, 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

WANTED—Everybody to know that our high-grade, hand-made harness will outlast any three sets sewed on a machine. The Oldfield Harness Co., 59 E. Douglas avenue. 16-10-10

WANTED—To buy second-hand furniture. Good prices. E. D. Squires, 225 N. Main. 16-10-10

WANTED—100 MEN TO ENROLL FOR THE TAILOR-MADE SPRING SUITS. FOR FULL PARTICULARS CALL OR WRITE TO H. L. MAN, 324 E. DOUGLAS. PHONE 122. 4-10-10

WANTED—Your pump work. Prompt service given. Cooper-Wright Hardware Co., 225 E. Douglas. 15-10-10

WANTED—To buy second-hand rock stove, 1 1/2 inch rock. J. W. Burton, 225 E. Douglas. 15-10-10

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. FOR SALE—Registered Hereford bulls, at reduced prices if taken soon. Blocky Indian. Address A. Johnson, 225 E. Douglas, Kan. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—A good delivery wagon, at half price. Call 225 E. Douglas, room 2. Craven. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—Set of Century dictionaries, new. 300 St. Francis. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—One 25-inch clutch, fully 8 inch, 1 1/2 inch rock. J. W. Burton, 225 E. Douglas. 15-10-10

FOR SALE—Domestic sewing machine good as new. 102 St. Francis. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—A 4-gallon cow. Must sell. Come and see her milked. 225 N. Emporia. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—One pure bred 15-year-old male hog, 154 pounds weight of Massillon. 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—Ideal Steam Cooker; cook 12 things at one time. 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—Horse, cow, wagon and harness. 127 Lulu. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—National telephone, 24. 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—Wheat straw, 25 per load. delivered. Corn cobs, 25 per load. delivered. Address N. F. Hyde, 113 Spruce street. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—Six hundred No. 1 hedgehog. 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—Cheap, a large Mosler fireproof safe. A bargain. A. J. Apple, 212 E. First. 25-10-10

FOR SALE—The best encyclopedia published. Mrs. L. B. Carter. 25-10-10

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FOR SALE—Shorthorn ponies. Call or write W. M. Smith, R. F. D. No. 1, four miles northwest, near 25-10-10

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## ROOMS FOR RENT—Furnished

FOR RENT—Two nice, furnished, front rooms. 225 E. Douglas. 25-10-10

FOR RENT—Two rooms, furnished or unfurnished, for light housekeeping. 25-10-10

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with board. Furnace heat, 146 N. Topeka. 25-10-10

FOR RENT—Nice, furnished rooms. Call at 225 N. Water street. 25-10-10

FOR RENT—Rooms, furnished for light housekeeping. 225 N. Water street. 25-10-10

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, furnished for light housekeeping. Other rooms nicely furnished. 113-115 E. Lawrence. 25-10-10